

## **“The Ninety-Nine and One: A Christmas Journey”**

by  
Dave Tippet

- What** While seeking a lost sheep from his flock, a lone shepherd sees the angel’s announcement of Christ’s birth from afar. He realizes his search for the one is more important than he thought.
- Themes:** Christmas, Savior, Lost, Rescue, Shepherd, Jesus
- Who** Shepherd- adult  
If played by a female, just change gender references in script.
- When** At birth of Christ
- Wear (Props)** A lone stool/chair, center stage. You could also make a prop rock that can support someone sitting on it.
- Since this script is mixed with some modern references, it’s not necessary to wear a biblical costume for this sketch. However, it’s also best not to wear super trendy, modern clothes. Keep it simple with earth tones or neutral colors.
- Why** Matthew 18:10-14
- How** The Shepherd will be miming holding and carrying a sheep. Be very deliberate with your movements and your interaction with the invisible sheep so that the audience will believe what you’re doing. The Shepherd experiences several different emotions throughout the script, so give yourself time to react.
- This will work best if the actor has someone knowledgeable directing them or giving notes.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*At curtain, **Shepherd** enters and wanders the stage, obviously looking for something.*

**Shepherd:** This is hopeless. Hopeless! I'll never find him out here in the dark. I knew I was going to have trouble with that one when I first saw him. Had that attitude. Trying to boss the other sheep around. Stealing their food. Pulling on loose wool strings to unravel guys. Always with the back-baaing. Trying to get away. I have ninety-nine above average sheep, and then this one, Fred, shows up. Came from the agency. Yea, they told me he comes from a broken pen. He had a tough lambhood. Hung around with the wrong flock. His coat's too scraggly and unkempt to shear.

*Sighs, then sits down on the stool/rock. Softer tone now.*

I don't know. Maybe...maybe I've been too rough on him. Maybe all he needs is some time. Attention.

*Ponders, then building up frustration again, stands up.*

Oh, I'll give him attention! If I ever find him again!

*Still frustrated.*

He needs to understand this shepherding gig is no picnic! It messes with your mind. I'm always second guessing myself. Am I really cut out for this? Am I doing this right? It's so hard to keep track of them all. And I'm always worrying about wolves. Food. Weather. Flock mentality.

*Looking skyward, shading his eyes, same tone.*

Giant piercing lights coming from the sky.

*Looks down. Then looks out, realizes what he saw, and looks up again shading his eyes again.*

Whaaa?!! *(looking out, pointing)* And there! Jerry and his gang, right underneath it! *(yells out)* Watch out guys! *(to self)* Too far away, Wait. What...what's the booming voice saying to them? *(craning neck to hear)* Can't quite make it all out. Something about good blues. Huh? Oh, news, good news. *(listening)* A child. Born in town. *(listening)* A Savior? *(pause)* Wow, now a choir kicking in?! The sky's on fire! Wow!

*Still looking in awe. Pause. Then, slowly lowers his hand that was shading the light.*

Gone. Just like that. I can't believe what I just saw. Heard. *(looking out again)* They're all running towards town. Going to see the child, I guess.

*Steps forward, uncertain.*

Maybe. Maybe I should go, too— *(stops himself)* No. *(waves it off)* They'll tell me about it. *(looking around, sighs)* I better try and find— *(starts to walk then mimes tripping over something)* Whoa!

*Falls, then leaps back up again. Looking down on what he 'tripped' over. With genuine excitement.*

Fred! Fred! Where did you come from? I've been searching all over. I'm so glad— *(catches himself, tone changes, pointing at Fred, clears throat)* Now, um, listen Fred. It's lucky I found you before a wolf or a dune chariot or whatever got you first. Now, I'm going to have to ground you for a while. And—

*Stops, leans down, concerned.*

Wait. You're hurt! *(examining Fred, tone sympathetic now, sits down)* OK, looks like maybe a twisted hoof. *(still examining, reflecting)* Looks like you've had a rough night, bud. *(pause)* Rough life. *(pause)*

Did you see that big light in the sky? Hear that voice? *(pausing, ponders)* A child. A Savior. *(to Fred again)* A Shepherd. Maybe that's what you need the most.

*Imitates picking Fred up and putting him on his shoulders.*

I'm glad I found you. *(pause)* It's what shepherds do. Let's go home.

*Exits, carrying Fred.*